# NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

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OTHER SHAKESPEARE CIPHERS. MRS. ASHMEAD WINDLE. DR. ORVILLE E. OWEN. MR. SAMUEL CABOT. MRS. ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP. THE VERULAM SOCIETY. THE MENDENHALL STYLE CURVES. A FURTHER CHAPTER OF DR. MORGAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Prior Chapters, ante Vol. IV, 8—VI, 41—95, VII, 33.)

[Indeed I am getting to be desperately fond of Baconian Ciphers in The First Folio and in the Epitaths, Sonnets, and monuments at Stratford; three more of which are announced as this issue of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA goes to press! They add to the Gaiety of Nations and are a relief to those learned glosses that inform us that "Bonnet" means "a Covering for the Head," that "Dearest Chuck" is a "term of Endearment" that "Curtesied when you have, and kisst The wild waves whist" signifies that waves often make a sound like Whistling! et id om. which only give us a headache! However, these Barnacles, like the poor, we have always with us! They worried even old Montaigne who complained some three centuries ago that "there's more ado to interpret Interpretations than to interpret Things! There be more books written about books than about all other matters together. We do but enterglose ourselves!" And so, allons, to our cheerful chronicle of the Bacon Ciphers.]

The Donnelly Cipher, to which, because it was the widest known, I have devoted so much space, was not the first one submitted to me. Shortly after "the Myth" appeared in its book form, I received a letter, dated San Francisco, and signed "C. F. Ashmead Windle (Mrs. Ashmead Windle)." The writer stated that she was an English woman, residing in San Francisco, and that she had found many years before, a Cipher in one of the Shakespeare Plays, which revealed "Sir Francis Bacon" as the author of all the plays: But that she was in straightened circumstances and had never been

able to print her proofs. That her idea was to print them as a Memorial to the British Parliament, for "it was the duty of the British Parliament to set before the world the truth, etc., etc. The letter concluded with a request that if I knew of any person of means who would undertake the printing of the Memorial, she would be glad to meet that person. This was the first proposition of a "Cipher" that I had ever heard of, preceding by three years my interview with Mr. Donnelly. Before I had found time to answer this letter, another came in which this same Mrs. Ashmead Windle said that she had printed a brief outline of her discovery and could sell me a copy for one dollar. I sent the dollar and got the pamphlet—a few pages stitched together. A single glance at it sufficed to show the vagaries of a mind diseased. The key to the revelation was contained in the mystery of the Sonnets," which, "once pierced and carried into the reading of the plays, reveals an absolute divineness of ideality underlying their mere outward form, as well as a plaintive autobiographical information of the poet's consciousness, enhancing them above all possible eulogy, save the tacit one of reciprocal apprehension of miracle performed." Thus underread, the characters become as follows:

CYMBELINE.—A cymbal. (Used here to represent Britain in the *expansion* of her fame; that is, in the following sense: Tiberius Cæsar—*cymbalum mundi vocabat*—filled the world with his discussions (*Pliny and Virgil*).

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.—(British) Lion-born Posthumously.

CLOTEN.—Clothing. (Intending the living, bodily personality as but the *clothing* of the immortal parts transmitted in knowledge and character.)

BELARIUS.—Bel-air or Fine air. (Referring to the lofty atmosphere of study and thought.)

MORGAN.—My organ. | (Meaning the Novum *organum*.)

GUIDERIUS.—As a guide. |
(otherwise called) | The learned philosopher.
POLYDORE.—Many ores. |

ARVIRAGUS.—As with the Art of Manhood. |
(otherwise called) | The Virtuous
CADWAL.—Strong and harmonious through | Man.
self-government. |

QUEEN (*Second wife to Cymbeline*).—The existing day or generation of British fame.

IMOGENE.—Imag-in. (Imagination depicted.)
IACHIMO.—Slander.
PISANIO.—Fear.
SICILUS.—The genius invoked in the sonnets.
TENANTIUS.—Dweller in the Sonnets.
EURIPHILE.—Lover of Discovery.

By applying this rigmarole to "the Riddle" (Cymbeline, V. iv. 138). we obtain the following solution of the riddle.

*When, at the time that a pothumous fame, born of a (British) lion, shall unconsciously, and without seeking, find itself embraced by the tender "Ariel" of its own* BOOK, O RARE ONE! *and when the branches of Bacon's Poetry, Philosophy, and Virtue, lopped from the stately cedar of Britain's renown, have been dead many years, shall afterwards revive, be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow, then shall the misery of his delayed recognition terminate, Britain be fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty.*

This "reading" of the cipher, was sent to London to the New Shakespeare Society. Receiving no notice at their hands, Mrs. Windle thereupon issued in the following year a second pamphlet, to a possibly more appreciative dedicatee. This second pamphlet was entitled "Report to the British Museum on Behalf of the Annals of Great Britain and the Reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria: Discovery and Opening of the Cipher of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, alike in his Prose writings and in the 'Shakespeare' Dramas, proving Him the Author of the Dramas. By Mrs. C. F. Ashmead Windle. (Letters Patent of England to be Procured.)"[1]

But whatever reasonable doubt of the poor lady's insanity may have been absent from her first pamphlet, was by the second pamphlet, entirely supplied. This second pamphlet this time with a publishers imprint, (San Francisco, Joseph Winterburn and Co., 1882) proceeded to find a phonetic semblance of the names in the characters in the plays—Thus: Othello was "A Tale O, I Tell O,—What Hell O, What Will O?" Titus Andronicus was, "Tie T'us and drown a curse. Tie 'tus ond drum the news"—and so on! The poor lady's friends here interfered, and found an asylum for her, and she died, I believe, some months later.

Barely a year had passed after the arrival of Mr. Donnelly's "Great Chryptogram" when another Cipher came. This time from English shores!

In or about the year 1889 or 1890, there appeared a book "Hermes Stella." Its author was a Mr. W. F. Chalmers Wigston, of Granville House, Totland, Isle of Wight, who had a London address at the Royal Thames Yacht Club, 7 Albermarle Street, Piccadilly. This was followed

in quick succession by others, "A new Study of Shakespeare," "Bacon Shakespeare and the Roscicrucians;" "Francis Bacon, Poet, Prophet Philosopher, versus Phantom Captain Shakespeare"; "The Columbus of Literature," and others. These books were handsomely, even extravagantly, printed. They were illustrated with fac similes, and occasionally, with pictures: and were in every mechanical way, attractive. But for hard reading I never met their like. There minutiæ was appalling. The least of them ran to two hundred pages or so, and the last named was about five hundred pages of compact printing. So far as ordinary mortals could comprehend them, they were to prove that Bacon was a Roscicrucian, and that he followed all the rules of that shadowy Order in writing the Shakespeare Plays. One of these rules was to write out history, philosophy and general information (which, for some reason, not within human ken, the Order thought ought not to be set down any more than Hamlet's Theory that old men had gray beards ought to be set down: and which seem to have been about as important) in Cipher! This History and Philosophy, it would appear, were the Roscicrucian "Secrets". They were apparently "secrets" to nobody else, or, at least, very open secrets. For, as interpreted by Mr. Wigston, they contained nothing except the baldest and most wearying and obvious commonplace.) However, Mr. Wigston's portly and—for a time—incessant books found pagination—"justification" of lines, italics, punctuation, and what-not typographies, the same coincidently in the first Folio as in divers and sundry Roscicrucian Books. (The works, I believe, of Robert Fludd—If I have it right—and of others.) And the numerals which stood for these co-incidents, represented such important matters as dates of composition—Bacon's age—at certain periods, and other dates, etc., etc. At one time, when some one of these books was sent to the Quarterly "Shakespeareana," which the New York Shakespeare Society was then conducting, I suggested to its Editor, (who, no more than myself could make head or tail of the thing,) that he write to Mr. Wigston himself and ask him to himself prepare or furnish us with a review stating the claims and points of his books, such as he would care to see printed, stating what the books claimed without giving any opinions on their merits. This, however, Mr. Wigston wrote us that he felt unable to do within limits that the Quarterly, with hundred of other books to review, could afford; and so we were obliged to content ourselves with mere acknowledgment of their receipt. I believe, however, that our Editor did once venture to say that one of these books was a curiosity that no Shakespeare Library should be without": which sen-

tence I remember seeing that Mr. Wigston's Publisher gravely printed somewhere, as an appreciation of the series"!

The last named volume, however, contained a chapter on Bacon's Henry the Seventh which certainly was rational. This chapter called again attention to the familiar fact the plays omitted the reign of that King which was the logical terminal of the wars of the Roses through which the historical series of plays had proceeded, but supplied it in prose. Mr. Wigston claimed that, on the principle of Virgil's Sic vos non vobis this was a ruse "to call attention to his (Bacon's) authorship of the plays. But, even here, Mr. Wigston could not resist the temptation of finding a cipher and on pages 21 and 23 of the first edition of the History of Henry the Seventh he finds the compound word "Stage-Play" in italics, which if counted as two words are the 268th and 269th words—counting from the top, and the 52nd and 53rd words counting from the bottom! Whereas, upon page 53 of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" the word Bacon (in italic) is the 268th word counted down-wards. What adds to the importance of this discovery is, of course, the fact that Shakespeare was 53 years old when he died! Mr. Wigston then continues "on page 21 of the Bacon history, we will find the first column giving the figures 22, 23, these being the number of words in italic and roman type down the page!" "Now" says Mr. Wigston, "the play of King Richard the Third is the 23rd play in the first folio—and does it not seem as if 22 and 23 refer to 1622 and 1623, which are respectively the dates of this history of King Henry the Seventh and the first folio?" And again "The play of Richard the Third, begins on page 173 of the folio histories. Bacon 268 down, 95 up, Page 53, (Merry Wives of Windsor)—Deduct 95 from 268 and we have 173." And so to the end! Now the striking point has come! Upon page 56, column 107 of the histories, (that is, the sequent column) the same number, 268, gives "heart" 268 down, 173 up, which if we deduct 173 from 268 we have 195, "and," Mr. Wigston gravely adds to this rubbish: "The reader will see how curious it is, and find the deduction of the numbers in these two cases, each giving us the up number of the other, proving some cipher." Certainly Mr. Donnely's arithmetic was no more remarkable or more ridiculous than this!

Mr. Wigston had gone deeply into Roscicrucianism and had read all their books. It developed that, one of the rules of the Order was that they should write under assumed names (which would account for "Shakespeare"). Another rule was "that the books they wrote should be expressed in emblematics of occult speech;" another was that the members them-

selves should change their own names every ten, or perhaps, twenty years, and so on, as if they were guarding some weighty truth, instead of, (so far as Mr. Wigston's extract show to the contrary,) making a mighty fuss about nothing at all! Mr. Wigston explained that Bacon, being a member of the Order, had fallen into disgrace within it by disobeying these rules, by writing openly and inteligibly under his own name, which he did not change, and that he was therefore denounced in the Roscicrucian books under various semblances, among others under the guise of a "stage player," etc., etc. This, at least, is the utmost I can make out of Mr. Wigston's books. which seemed to have ceased about ten years after their first appearance in "Hermes Stella."

All attention to Mr. Donnelly's Cipher had passed by, the tumult of Mr. Burr and the shoutings of Mr. O'Connor had ceased, in 1892, and the world was proceeding with its own affairs, when the cipher idea drifted back to the United States. Several gentlemen connected with the Detroit newspapers signed a statement which had some circulation, to the effect that Dr. Orville W. Owen of Detroit had found an entirely independent Cipher in the Plays. That, this time, there was nothing of conjecture in it, but "a greater storehouse of treasure than the ages before have known." This Cipher asserted: That Francis Bacon was the lawful son of Elizabeth, Queen of England, and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, those two having been secretly married in the tower of London, and that Francis Bacon, for the purpose of concealing the fact of his birth and consequent claim to the British throne after Eliabeth's death, composed all the plays of Shakespeare! Quite on the heels of this announcement, came the promised book itself, "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story." Discovered and Deciphered by Dr. Orville W. Owen, Detroit and New York. Detroit: The Howard Publishing Co.

This book was in three parts, "Sir Francis Bacon's Letter to the Decipher," "The Description of the Queen", "General Curse,"and "Sir Francis Bacon's Life." The "Letter" is dated "London 1623." It directs somebody, (presumably somebody who deserves to decipher the Cipher) to place the pages of the books upon "a great firm wheel" to facilitate the work —a direction that Dr. Owen implicitly followed and found to greatly lessen the mechanical labor necessarily attached to thousands of shiftings from page to page, from passage to passage, and from book to book. Then the four great keywords, "Fortune," "Nature," "Honor," and "Reputation" are disclosed, upon which the whole tremendous structure is reared. From these starting points the trace begins, and the helps to sorting, matching and

combining the disjointed fragments, the guides to the inversions and transpositions, the parallels and relatives, are indicated with verbose iteration that becomes. Through all this the second person interpolates questions. Why Sir Francis—disposes his story so widely into so many books. To which Sir Francis replies:

"I tell you; for fear the finder out
Of this secret story in inconsiderate zeal
Might make it known unto our great mother,
Or the king. And then our life and glory,
Like a shooting star, would from the firmament fall
To the base earth."
* * * * * *

Following the Letter is "The Epistle Dedicatory to the decipherer. Into the real story we come at last, which opens with a description of Queen Elizabeth. Her wondrous beauty is described thus:

"And if you will but go with me
Unto the shining bower where Cynthia sits
Like lovely Thetis in a crystal robe,
There within pleasant, shady woods,
Where neither storm nor sun's distemperance
Have power to hurt by cruel heat or cold,
Under the climate of the milder heaven
Where seldom lights Jove's angry thunderbolt,
Far from disturbance, amid the cypress springs
Where whistling winds make music 'mong the trees,
You shall see a nymph, a queen," etc., etc.

Any one who would wade through this rubbish, we are assured, would discover, not only Bacon's disclosure that he wrote the plays but that he was of the Royal birth above set forth. How Essex, his own brother (for Essex also was a son of Elizabeth by Leicester), and dearest friend, was murdered at the command of the Queen, and how he was made party to his (Essex's) condemnation; how Elizabeth, in her last sickness, acknowledged Bacon as her son to the doctor who attended her; how Elizabeth was poisoned and afterwards strangled in her bed by Robert Cecil, and various other startling things that historians of the Elizabeth era have never set down in books.

Then followed Sir Francis Bacon's own minute directions how to read the Cipher 'As nineteenth century English it was bad enough, but for it to have come from Bacon—let alone the Author of the plays—surely insanity could not further go.' To wit.

> Take your knife and cut your books asunder
> And set the leaves on a great firm wheel
> Which rolls and rolls, and, turning the
> Fickle rolling wheel, throw your eyes upon
> FORTUNE that goddess blind that stands upon
> A sphericle stone that, turning and inconstant, rolls
> In restless variation, Mark her the prime mover
> She is our first guide, etc., etc.

Of such a machine Dr. Owen presented, in a later book, a photograph. It resembles nothing as much as a Hoe-cylinder press, and by its alleged use several more volumes were produced. "The Tragedy of Sir Francis Bacon," (always this superseded title,) "The Tragedy of Ann Boleyn,) etc., etc. Dr. Owen's books ceased appearing as abruptly as they began. Mr. Burr, (as we have seen,) could only explain the cessation, as he explained my "recantation" of "The Shakespearean Myth," by the theory that the Order or Guild of The Rosy Cross ("now called Freemasons,") had ordered Dr. Owen and myself to cease exploiting Bacon! Dr. Owen visited New York City, later on, and lectured to a few of the Faithful. An invitation to attend was sent me by Dr. Owen himself I suppose. But I happened to be out of town, and did not find the card until many weeks later. In acknowledging it to Dr. Owen, I called his attention to the signature, "Sir Francis Bacon," attached to his communication as interpreted by Dr. Owen, suggesting that in 1623, Bacon being both a Baron and a Viscount, would not have used his earlier and superceded title, even if he ever had signed his letters that way, "Sir Francis Bacon," (which he never did, as hundreds of his extant letters show, would in fact, have been as impossible as for the president of the United States to sign himself "President so and so! Dr. Owen replied, in a remarkably business like type-written letter of three lines on his business letter head that, "it came out that way" which of course left nothing more to be said, sentimentally or otherwise!

But—as it afterward developed—the most important part of the Owen Cipher was, that, in working at it, he had employed as a typewriter to take down the Sybilline deliverances of the "great firm wheel," a Mrs. Elizabeth

Wells Gallup. It was not long after Dr. Owen's books ceased appearing, that Mrs. Gallup, herself, discovered still another Cipher, and this one neither a phonetic or otherwise convenient hop-skip and jump all over a page by "root numbers," "modifyers" and computations proceeding from pagination like Donnelly's, nor words coming up on a roller like Owen's but actually a use of the Biliteral Cipher described by Bacon himself in the Novum Organon Mrs. Gallup carried her "Cipher" to London and submitted it to the wisest and most skeptical, and she, or rather it, seems to have stood all tests. Granted that there were two fonts of Roman type employed in the plays at all and the difference was so minute and microscopic as to baffle any eyes but Mrs. Gallup's own,) the results were marvellous! The London Times opened its columns, often to the extent of whole pages, to the matter, and a dozen prominent English magazines ran the discussion to its limit, and opened and closed it over and over again. But so far as I can remember, no American newspaper or magazine gave it even the most casual or languid attention. An extended notice of the Gallup claims came within the scope of these pages however and has been (NEW SHAKESPEAREANA ante vol. 11, page 22) fully described. Of all Cipher claims, the Gallup claims were and still are the most puzzling and mysterious. By claiming that Bacon was Elizabeth's legitimate and oldest son, and so an heir apparent to the English throne, it must be admitted that a motive is suggested for the inserting of a cipher in some place. For such a claim would have been high treason, and if not successful, meant only the block! Whereas on the other hand, there was nothing in the silly narratives proposed by Wigston, Windle or Donnelly that might not have been shouted from the housetops. It was no high treason to call William Shakespeare "infamous" or to abuse him as far as desired. The Gallup "Cipher" literature has been put into well printed and creditably gotten-up books; "The Biliteral Cipher of Sir Francis Bacon Discovered in his works and deciphered by Elizabeth Wells Gallup," (Detroit Howard Publishing Company, London; Gay and Bird, third edition,) is one of the most astounding books ever printed in any language or at any date. Its frontispiece is a portrait of Mrs. Gallup. It shows a lady of perhaps middle-age, with a refined and serious face, certainly not the face of a charlatan or a zealot. The explanation of the whole matter is yet to come. So far, any attempt to clear the air only makes darkness more visible.

Being unable to learn from the volumes themselves, Dr. Owen's and Mrs. Gallup's—whether they contradicted or confirmed each other I applied to the parties themselves, and quote from a letter received in reply from,

I believe, Mr. Howard of The Howard Publishing Company, but inspired I suppose by one or the other of the Cipherists above named.

"The two discoveries are independent yet confirming each other. Dr. Owen discovered the existence of the system of "Word Cipher" in the works. Mrs. Gallup discovered the existence of the "Biliteral Cipher" in the Italic letters. The disclosure of the latter describes the system found by Dr. Owen and, in addition, gives in detail the subjects to be written out, the keys to be used and an epitome of what is to be written, thus confirming both systems. The subject matter written about in the Bi-literal Cipher largerly concerns Bacon's hidden life, but in the Word-Cipher there is romatic history, and comedy, in fact "a new literature," to be constructed, the method of which the Biliteral was to make clear. The literary matter or "narration" which Mrs. Gallup has been able to extract from certain works as above enumerated does not depend upon any other alleged or so called Cipher narratives, but her work, obtained by the independent application of Lord Bacon's Biliteral Cipher to the affirmed texts, fully describes the Word-Cipher system, the existence of which had previously been discovered by Dr. Owen, which discovery it confirms."

In the year 1897, there was organized in Boston a Society named "The Verulam Society," to be devoted to exploitation of the pure Bacon-Authorship theory. Its principal incorporators were Augustus Hemenway, the late Edwin Reed, and the late Samuel Cabot:—the first two named gentlemen being respectively its president and secretary. Mr. Cabot had an elaborate Cipher of his own, which, as had Mrs. Ashmead Windle, he read out of that unintelligible "prophesy" in Cymbeline. Mr. Reed would have naught to do with this nor any of the others—the Donnelly Wigston, Gallup or Owen "Ciphers." Though he was attracted by the Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel "Cryptomenytices" and, as I have elsewhere narrated, went to that German city to examine data concerning it. But, just about this time, Prof. Mendenhall of the Smithsonian Institute brought up again his "Style-Curves" and proposed to settle any disputed Authorship question by its application. He himself thus described this "Style Curve": "By a method of rectangular co-ordinates using the number of letters in each word in the work of a given author as the Abscissa and a corresponding number of words in a thousand as the ordinate; on a sheet of squared paper the number of letters in each word are placed along the horizontal line and, on the vertical above each of these, is put a point whose distance from the base show the number of corresponding words in every thousand, according to the scale shown at the left. These points are then joined by broken lines and the

whole broken line may be called the "word spectrum" or "characteristic curves," of the author as derived from the group of words considered. That is to say, that every writter has his his "word curve" and that by grouping say an hundred thousand consecutive words of his composition according to the number of letters they contain, and expressing the results in a diagram, you may obtain a graphic symbol for the persistent peculiarities of this author in the use of words of different lengths. By this kind of diagram it is found that the three-letter words occur oftenest in English writings; that for example, John Steward Mill was fonder of two-letter words than any other writer, while Thackeray was more fond of four-letter words than any other English writer. That is to say, it was a literary Bertillon system. It occurred of course to every one on learning of Prof. Mendenhall's scheme that (if there was anything in it—that is to say—at all,) it must apply to the everlasting Shakespeare-Bacon question! I made a test myself and sent the diagrams to "Shakespeareana" when I first heard of the process, but I only selected one brief sentence of Shakespeare, and an equally brief one of Bacon. My result was, that the two curves were about as unlike as they could possibly be. But on this second appearance of the "Style Curves" Mr. Hemenway went to the expense of having the test carried to its utmost. He had two million words counted and arranged and "word curves" for Shakesepare and Bacon respectively found. But so far from comforting the Baconians, the curves were totally unlike, revealing, as the report says, "extraordinary differences." I afterwards read of another test made to almost the same extent which revealed an astonishing correlation of the Shakespeare curve to a curve extracted from Marlowe. But I never succeeded in getting a sight of this one, and so only repeat at hearsay. The Verulam Society-Hemenway test attracted considerable attention and a writer in the London Times remarked that if a method of constructing diagrams could be found that would express parts of speech—as adjectives, adverbs, participles, etc., in proportion to nouns and pronouns, the comparative results might be depended upon. But it would of course require considerable ingenuity to arrange a set of rectangular co-ordinates that could express in tabulation such particulars as these! I don't think that I should be unhappy were the Baconians proved to be without a leg to stand on. The question has interested me for thirty-five years and whatever I have written on the subject was always—has always been—objective—stating both sides! Indeed, I frankly believe that I have stated the Shakespeare case more strenuously than any one else. My "Study in The Warwickshire Dialect" was a minute search in the Plays for Warwickshireisms. And I found then

by scores in every play I even analyzed the idem sonans of each pun, to find if it depended upon the somewhat arbitrary pronunciation of the vowels in Warwickshire. In the only public debate on the matter wherein I ever participated I took the orthodox side. But with the clamor in my ears that the question is too "unscholarly" to be examined at all—that no "scholar" believes that there is any question, etc., (since the sole interest these matters have ever had for me is that they *have* attracted the attention of scholars) I have no patience at all!

As to Mrs. Windle's Ciphers, no opinion is necessary. Dr. Owen's machine nobody can understand at all. As to Mrs. Gallup's cipher, I cannot for my own part see the two kinds of the italic letters by which she arrives at the materials she extracts; but as to some of her production I will say this especially applying it to her paragraph anent Bacon's description of his infatuation for Queen Margaret (New Shakespeareana Vol. I, Page 30.) that I would like to see some of Mrs. Gallup's acknowledged literary efforts, if any or, if none, then any of her letters or other compositions of a date prior to her connection with these cipher matters. Possibly this would aid in the solving the question as to her own authorship—or as to whence she derived that most certainly eloquent passage! The London Bacon Society after ten years or more of debates (reported in its quarterly "Baconiana") are about as when they begun—nonplussed.

But after all what is there to do but simply to chronicle these as curiosities of literature and let it go at that—Witchcraft to a belief in which the English courts succumbed: The sea-serpent! New England libraries are full of affidavits made by her most pious theologians! Judge Edmonds saw the ghosts of murdered men hovering over the heads of jurymen in capital trials (and I allude a little further on to Mr. Luther R. Marsh!)

How can any man know what is the answer to Jesting Pilate? The encyclopaedias will tell us that our very eyes deceive us with optical illusions (because a man's hat has a rounded brim we call another hat, just as short but which has a rectangular brim, a "tall hat"—because it looks taller!) And even in the exact sciences what certitude have we of Fact? My friend and co-worker in these Shakespearean fields—Mr. Henry Pemberton, Jr., of Philadelphia; who is, by profession a practical anylitical chemist and so trained to the most exacting accuracy, sends me these two quotations from certain of his Authorities (I can almost call them the Confessions) of his profession-to-wit:

In Ida Freund's, The Study of Chemical Composition, (Cambridge, At the University Press 1904,) the author remarks, "By being accustomed,

through long usage, to a certain opinion or doctrine we frequently become so thoroughly convinced of its truthfulness that we conceal its weak points and become incapable of accepting evidence that is opposed to it. Bergelius, 1827, "And again—I know not what fatal calamity has invaded the sciences for often an error is born with these, and, with the course of time becomes, as it were, fixed until those who profess the science will not suffer its withdrawal." Jean Rey, 1630.

Of the hundred, at least, substantial volumes devoted to the Baconian Theory (counting Delia Bacon's book, Judge Holmes's was the second and my "Shakespearean Myth" the third—of course the newspapers and magazines articles, pamphlets, etc., are numberless) only three are devoted to the Shakespeare side. Mrs. Stopes's, Judge Allen's and Judge Willis's. Of these the later is the most elaborate—Judge Willis assumes that it became necessary in 1624 to file a bill in chancery, "Hall and Russell" for the administration of Shakespeare's Estate. In course of the hearing it became necessary to determine whether the testator was the author of the plays published in the first folio of 1623—that the Lord Chancellor, thinking it well to have this question passed upon by a jury ordered an issue to be framed and sent for trial by the Court of King's Bench. Assuming that on June 20th, 1627, this issue comes to the Chief Justice and a special jury, Judge Willis reports the trial in full: the argument, evidence, summing up, instructions asked for and exhibits allowed, including title pages of the Quartos, the Stationers records, etc., etc. The Jury find that William Shakespeare, the testator and actor, was the author of the plays contained in the volume of 1623. This report is so cleverly and forcibly forged that it is said to have been received in many quarters in London as an actual report of an actual case at bar! But if it had been, I can only say I should have liked to have had the opportunity of cross-examining some of the witnesses!

The most recent discussion is Mr. George Greenwood's "The Shakespeare Problem Re-Stated" (London. John Lane: 1909). Mr. Greenwood is a London lawyer, a University man and an accomplished scholar, and his book, in elegant dress and as well perhaps from its splendid dress as from its author's social prominence) has attracted to the Authorship question a new réchauffement. Without attempting to note the mass of newspaper and magazine rejoinders to Mr. Greenwood I note that Dr. H. C. Beeching, Canon of Westminster, Preacher to the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn, etc., etc." came to the rescue in a thin volume "William Shakespeare, Player, Playmaker and Poet (Smith Elder and Co.) to which

Mr. Greenwood promptly responded in another beautifully gotten-up volume "In Re Shakespeare Beeching v. Greenwood (London. John Lane, 1909.) As to this letter Mr. Greenwood writes me under date of April 3, 1909 * * * I quite agree with you that we are perhaps too fond of keeping the gloves on in our literary contests on this side of the water * * * Still I hope I have managed to answer the reverend gentleman fairly well and to expose the misrepresentation of which more clerico, he has been so flagrantly guilty!" Of course Mr. Greenwood, being of the profession of which Mr. Trollope says that "Lawyers believe themselves the only adult members of the human race" can easily dispose of a gentleman, however sincere, of the profession whose forum is the unanswerable Pulpit! But, allowing even for this, a calm perusal of these two volumes will, I think, place the reader en rapport as to the very latest phase of a controversy of which I, for one,—after thirty-five years or so of the thick of it—am free to confess that I am getting rather tired.

My Shakespeare employments have been the most profitable investments of time and leisure of my mortal career. I am powerless to estimate the wealth of camaradarie and the intercourse and lasting friendship of choice learned, and distinguished men, those investments have made for me. Of my relations with Dr. Halliwell Phillipps, his letter to me (ante Vol. III, page 84,) accepting election as first Honorary member of the New York Shakespeare Society sufficiently speaks. He did not value the verse-tests any higher than I did. I once wrote him that they reminded me of Jo Gargery's enjoyment of Literature! "Lord, when you do come to a J and a O and says you, here at last is a J. O. Jo—how interestin' readin' is!" So the Verse-testers take down the Plays and when they find a "weak" or a "stopped" or an "unstopped" ending, or a "run on a line"—they say, "Lord! here at last is something Shakespeare wrote—in such and such a date. I have never been able to tell what dates went to each! But I suspect that the verse tests always coincide with whatever records may be at hand, just as the choice of an English Bishop, made after a prayer for Divine guidance, always coincides with the Crown's nomination! "That," replied Dr. Halliwell Phillipps, "seems to be all that need be said on the matter."

Cushman Kellogg Davis, Governor of Minnesota, slight in frame but in debate as massive as Daniel Webster, (to whom only—as Webster was described to me by my father who knew him well I can compare him!) It is recorded of him that when Governor, he commuted the sentence of a condemned murderess, saying, "While I am Governor at least, Minnesota shall never hang a woman." I suppose Governor Davis' intense chivalry to woman,

came from his lifelong worship of his wife, a noble Junoesque lady, whose devotion to his mortal remains was such that she had them carried to a Washington cemetery that she might live and die (as she did die in 1908) in their close vicinity! In another part of these memorials I have given many other reminiscences of my friend, afterwards distinguished as United States Senator and as joint commissioner to Paris to negotiate the American Spanish treaty of Peace. But I cannot forbeare the last brief note he wrote me:

St. Paul, Sept. 11, 1900.

My Dear Morgan: Thank you for your "Study in the Warwickshire Dialect." It will give me many a pleasant hour and remind me often of the olden time, when we sat like "knitters in the sun" and gossiped over insoluble Shakespeare problems.

Sincerely yours,

C. K. Davis.

One of his favorite "insoluble problems of Shakespeare" we used to talk over was as to whether Hamlet was mad, "stark mad." My own idea always was, that Hamlet did as well as he could under the circumstances, and finally not only carried out the ghost's instructions to the letter, but bettered them by managing to remove, not only the king but the guilty Queen, and by destroying the Danish succession, so that no heir of Claudius could ever reign thereafter. And I used to urge to Senator Davis that if a man's task is to kill a man, he should be allowed his own time to do it in, without being called "crazy" because he was deliberate. To which he replied, that if Hamlet had not been mad he would not have killed himself as well as the king and the Queen, but would have himself seized on the succession, instead of making a present of it to Fortinbras, which was not at all necessary.

With Bronson Howard, I used, when we both lived on Seventy-eighth street, New York City, to stroll after breakfast, in Central Park discussing the perennial authorship proposition, I, from my latitudinarian standpoint, that, the more friction, the more ultimate discovery, since Doubt is the mother of Progress—he with his unshakable faith that only an actor could have written the Plays! He was, I think, the most modest man I ever knew. Only twice in our whole intercourse did I ever hear him speak of himself, and both times depreciatively. When once I told him that in my judgment "Aristocracy" was his best dramatic work he said, "It ends badly." Speaking of the playwright's art he said, "Once when I was in London it occurred to

somebody, writing for a newspaper, to interview me as to how to write a play. I thought it over and discovered that I didn't know and said so." And a moment afterwards he added: "And then that interviewer went to Mr. Pinero, to Mr. Jones and to all the others, and we found that none of us knew how we did it!"

Augustin Daly will, I am sure, some day be a name writ large in Shakespeare chronicle. As it was, he encountered criticism. He was a generous tender-hearted man. But in striving to get the best of his Actors he was obliged to repress himself, and he suffered the full penalty of his Ideals! I think that never but once did he reveal that he was aware that men dislike him because he had marked out his own life and steadfastly kept himself within the limits he had chalked. It was when at the dinner our Shakespeare Society gave him at Delmonico's that he said: "Perhaps it does not tend to make a man companionable or sociable or clubable, to have engrossing ambitions and unsatisfied longings for still higher achievements which apply a continual spur to exertion. It does not make a man tolerant of easy-going achievements or of critical rivalry. It may on the contrary sow his path with small resentments. There are a great many more talkers than workers in the world. If the workers have little time to spend with he talkers, the talkers, being in the majority, make up a reputation for a worker which is the reverse of agreeable."

He did again only in fuller and modern form what D'Avenant did, reviewed a public enthusiasm for Shakespeare, and he did it much as D'Avenant did, by catching the taste of the time. And "the taste of the time" in New York City happened to be a demand for opulent stage settings and for absolute Truth! No verisimillitude would satisfy a New York audience. Cloth of frieze would not pass for cloth of gold; fustian and dowlas would not answer for velvets, nor plush for furs! I used to say to Mr. Daly that I could not understand how he reconciled himself to stage money, or why Bassanio should not have offered Shylock, in the court scene, nine thousand golden ducats in specie, except upon the theory that that eminent spendthrift, who spent his time in shooting one arrow after another, both of which were borrowed, since he could not borrow further of either Antonio or of Portia, really made his offer in stage money as part of his "bluff." With each performance Mr. Daly printed for gratuitious distribution the fac simile first folio text of the play or, often, the quarto text: as in the case of The Merry Wives, and prefixed each with an introduction by William Winter, (and if Mr. Winter had done nothing else in all his illustrious life, those introductions would stamp him as a rare student

of dramatic lore!) And while the audience was breathless at the splendor of Mr. Daly's presentations, (as for example when Ægeon's bridal procession moved from Athens to the forest palace in that splendid nuptial barge along banks of fairy verdue and dreams of marble palaces, contrived by the moving panorama while the barge lay motionless,) it was Mr. Daly himself who was behind working the machinery. And when enraptured audience called, "Author"—"Author"—"Daly" (which cry I always tried to start and re-start myself) and would not clear the theatre until he appeared, he would come to the wings shyly a moment in his greasy and stained blouse, just as he had been at work to make all perfect for our enrapture! In mounting the plays, as I have said so often, Mr. Daly's absolutely unerring instinct caught the prespective, the correspondence, wherein what was the Elizabethian idea of opulence should be represented by the New York City idea of opulence. The palace floor, strewn with fresh rushes, was luxury then; and to velvet carpets and costly rugs only that idea was convertable. The room in Ford's house where the Merry Wives plotted poor old Falstaff's discomfiture, would have been decorated with pots and pans and utensils of cookery perhaps, Faience and severes and bisque and vertu and rare bric a brac meant precisely today what pots and pans meant then, and Mr. Daly supplied what was the correlative—from that day our own.

In "The Merry Wives" Mr. Daly's mounting of the story and the exquisite fun of the duel: the plotting of the Merry Wives (the bewitchingly sweet Miss Edith Kingdom, later Mrs. George Gould, and the beautiful Miss Virginia Dreher) will never be excelled. In the wind-up on the green around Hearne's oak (which is the nearest to what we call now opera bouffe or burlesque that Shakespeare ever wrote, burlesque in that Falstaff himself knows what is going on and says "Lord deliver me from that Welsh fairy, (Dr. Caius), the fun was all preserved—the episode of the school-scene not being necessary to the plot is left out, also the episode of the stolen horses for the same reason. It is neither customary nor essential to pronounce on the modern stage every word that Shakespeare wrote. Only not to garble or modernize what he did write when used at all—*that* was Mr. Daly's Canon. In Loves Labours Lost also, the dialogues of Goodman Dull and Holofernes and the other villagers as to pronunciations were cut out, but Armado, being a pure comedy character, was made the most of; and little Mote (written Moth) who is a perfect little New York precocity, and might be a district telegraph messenger as we see him by the hundreds in New York City today—is all there. And yet most viciously was Mr. Daly assailed for "altering Shakespeare"—by those critics who could not or pretended not

to realize that what Mr. Daly was doing was just what D'Avenant and Garrick and Kean and Macready and every mounter or actor of Shakespeare had always been obliged to do! With the Two Gentlemen of Verona Mr. Daly had another set of problems. The hardest perhaps was the way to do justice to Launce and his dog Crab, the only dog in Shakespeare (who loved not dogs if we should care to follow that faineant Furnivall school of Shakespeare critics who hold that whatever is in the plays is written descriptively of Shakespeare himself who, according to them was no dramatist but only a monologuist!) At the opening night of the two gentlemen of Verona, I did not think much of "Crab" and wrote Mr. Daly so, adding that my little Clydesdale terrier "Goldie" (which was short for "Old Gold," alluding to his color at birth; he turned gray at last, as Dandie Dinmont would have said, "from mustard to pepper",) could I thought, "conceive" the part better. Mr. Daly instantly wrote me in reply, "Where can I see Crab's understudy? When can you bring him to the theatre?" But, alas, my little nieces would not hear of Goldie being put to training for the stage, and I was obliged to admit to Mr. Daly that I was under petticoat government. (Dear little Goldie! For seventeen years his great hazel eyes watched for my slightest whim, and when he died I felt that part of the cosmogony had deserted me. We buried him covered with flowers a short distance from our doorway, and I could not help writing for his epitaph, with a semblance of the Faith I only wish I had. "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father."

Mr. Daly's objections to any kind of an "Endowed Theatre" will be later given in his own words. Their gist was, that the endowed theatre would be independent of the public demand and would so mount plays not necessarily those that the public wanted, but ones that the Directors wanted, that is the plays that the most influential director wanted (which might not always happen to be what the public wanted). And that from Plays it would not be a far cry to a Director's favorite actors, and to a Director's favorite actresses. These favorites could not, in the ordinary operation of the laws of human-nature be expected to have no opportunities given them by those influential in the Directory, whether acceptable artists or not—Mr. Daly doubted if the real and only test of merit i. e. public approval, could be shifted to the test of the approval of the Directory. And yet for echoing precisely this opinion (when asked for my opinion) this was the blast I got in the Dramatic Mirror of May 26th, 1904:

"New York, May 12, 1904. To the Editor, Sir: Dr. Morgan's letter is just what I should expect from his hide-bound arrogance. Like many

other old men he is incapable of seeing any good in anything not initiated to himself. Nobody opposes the idea of a National Theatre, however there may be those who consider it inexpedient at this time. Dr. Morgan himself approved it and wrote a letter to one of your theatrical contemporaries advocating its establishment in this city about a year ago. Dr. Morgan has got so in the habit of having his word go for law in the New York Shakespeare Society that he cannot see any good in anything not initiated by himself. Willia Reynolds."

Well, at this writing, we are having an Endowed theatre built in New York City and we shall see I hope, that both Mr. Daly and myself were wrong!

I never met Mr. Lionel Booth of London, who reprinted the first folio. But I had a pleasant correspondence with him in which he remarked that in all the twenty-one years since reprinting it in 1863, (his letter was dated in 1884,) he had never been able to guess what prompted him to so pecuniarilly disastrous an undertaking! Mr. Booth also reprinted the Pericles and he sent on a pamphlet copy of it, upon the title page of which were the presentation autographs of himself to James Spedding and of Mr. Spedding to John Payne Collier. It was so choice a gift that I sent the pamphlet to be carefully bound. It came back from the binder closely sheared—the invaluable autographs having been trimmed away! There is clearly nothing that a binder will not do! Mr. Booth, at this writing (1909) is still living at an advanced age in London. But is, I learn in feeble health and sees no one but his physicians.

I knew Luther R. Marsh. In his earlier days he was, I have heard, a law-partner of Daniel Webster; and when he (Mr. Marsh) began practise in New York City he had the name "Daniel Webster" upon his office door above his own. In later years, after the death of his wife he became a devout believer in Spiritualism and wasted a fortune upon "Mediums." One of his gifts, that of a valuable city residence, to one of these functionaries, one Delia Dis Debar, so astonished his legal brethren that they instituted legal proceedings to get the property back into Mr. Marsh's name, and succeeded. But Mr. Marsh remained a spiritualist to the end. A few months before his death he sent me a portrait of "Shakespeare in the Spirit World," which I reproduce here. Here, alack, is William Shakespeare himself; calmly sitting in his study overlooking the Styx for his portrait to the spooks! It will be seen that Shakespeare has grown much younger in Pluto's realms, which seem to agree with him as a residence. Grown to resemble what an original of the Chandos portrait would have been at about thirty years of

age; wears his hair somewhat longer than when in London: while as for garb, his clothes are of a cut that never was on land or sea! What he should be doing with a skull, in the land where there is no death, and no need of memento mori, passeth man's understanding! However, we have Mr. Marsh's testimony that the portrait was done by unseen hands in his presence and there's an end!

Moncure D. Conway, whom I greatly admired, was the distinguished Virginian who, at the commencement of the Civil War, freed his slaves, brought them North and maintained them at his own expense until he could settle them in industrial independence. He began his own career as a Methodist Clergyman, converting others but not converting himself. Then he applied to Emerson, and became a Unitarian with the exact experience over again! He preached eloquently to others and filled the newer fold, but was again himself a Cast-away! Then he became a non-believer in anything at all and found rest for his soul! His Autobiography, in two great volumes, is, I think easily the most absorbing work of the kind since Boswell's Life of Johnson. The name of a person of note during Mr. Conway's career of forty years that these volumes do not mention, would, I think, be a curiosity, and of every one of them Dr. Conway has preserved some characteristic speech or story not familiar, or elsewhere recorded. Mr. Conway believed, from the peculiar entry of the death of Shakespeare's widow in the Stratford Parish Records (where it is bracketed with the words "Anna—Uxor Ricardi James") that Mrs. Shakespeare married again. When Mr. Reilly's article discussing that theory appeared in New Shakespeareana (Vol. V, page 78) I sent a copy of it to Conway, and received this reply:

22 East Tenth Street, New York City, "March 8, 1906. "My Dear Dr. Appleton Morgan,—I am right glad to see your hand writing again and to know that my Autobiography has interested you. "The paragraph you sent me [Mrs. Stopes's reply] appears to me of no value at all. The entry in the Parish register has been examined by persons very familiar with Parish registers, and the writer of this paragraph [Mrs. Stopes] would have enforced her evidently foregone conclusion better had she gone through the Register and found another instance of two people buried on the same day and bracketed together. The entry is by no means a sufficient entry for a lady of wealth and distinction as Mrs. Shakespeare was. This writer [Mrs. Stopes] seems to think that the entry of marriages ought to be in the Burial Register. Many of us feel so! It is not correct to say that 'nuper vidua' would have been added after 'James.' Nor is it symptomatic of a trust-

worthy critic to assume that Anne desired to be buried in Shakespeare's grave. But facts are manageable when there is a poetic myth to be sustained! "Cordially, MONCURE D. CONWAY." To this letter I replied, quoting from Halliwell-Phillipps' Outlines 9th Edition, Vol. II, page 372, this passage. "This conjecture [of the second marriage] is altogether at variance with the terms of her [Mrs. Shakespeare's] monumental inscription, and brackets of like description are to be seen in other parts of the Register, no fewer than six occurring in the list of baptisms for the year in question—1623. The matter, however, is placed beyond all doubt by the record of the two funerals, as it thus appears in a contemporary transcript of the original notes that were made on the occasion—"August 8, Mrs. Ann Shakespeare, August 8, Ann, wyfe to Richard James." And it may be just worth adding, that, in an enumeration of persons remarkable whose names were to be noticed in the Stratford Register, and which was added to the volume toward the close of the seventeenth century, there is included the memorandum, '1623. One Mrs. Shakespeare was buried.'"

To this letter Dr. Conway replied—"New York, March 16, 1906. "Dear Dr. Appleton Morgan,—I have read the quotations in the 'Outlines,' ninth edition, and it strikes me as unstrustworthy. Why is not the 'contemporary transcript' of the original notes located so that it can be verified? I have talked on the subject with Charles Fowler, of Stratford-on-Avon, with Horace Howard Furness, Howard Stanton, three learned Editors of Shakespeare, and neither of them mentioned any such 'transcript.' I have found several suspicious things in the 'Outlines,' and do not accept its assertion when the means of verifications are withheld. The memorandum in the end of the volume, '1623. One Mrs. Shakespeare was buried,' doesn't bear on the question. Evidently the clergy have been puzzled and 'Mrs. Shakespeare' becomes 'Mrs. Ann Shakespeare' in some note, and in some other, 'One Mrs. Shakespeare'!!! Brackets, except in deaths, I did not look for. In baptism, brackets (in case of twins) might be looked for. And if there are any in deaths, no doubt they would be mentioned by Halliwell-Phillipps. At any rate it would be necessary in each several case to give us the bracketed names and descriptions so that we could see whether the bracketed people were unrelated. Why should a Shakespeare be bracketed with a James? There is an air of conscious unveracity in all the paragraph. "Cordially, MONCURE D. CONWAY."

From which it would appear that Dr. Conway was no more disposed to accept Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps's statements than was Mrs. Stopes! It is

a most interesting question. But I am inclined to think that we will never have any more light upon the subject than we possess at present.

"Shakespeare in Fact and In Criticism" was a volume of my occasional Essays on Shakespeare Matters and especially on the Verse Tests and Furnivall "Groups," cast into the form of a reply to Dr. Furnivall's tremendous revenge upon me for laughing at him! At the publisher's request I added a paper on the Donnelly Cipher of which the newspapers were at that time full. A dissolution of partnership of the publishers, however, delayed the placing of the volume on sale until the excitement had passed. Still all copies of the book were sold and I only succeeded in finding a copy after many years hunt at an auction twenty years afterward. The "Study in The Warwickshire Dialect" was the "best seller" of all my Shakespeare books. Every copy of the four editions was sold promptly. It was a purely orthodox book, proving the Shakespeare Stratford Authorship from the Puns which fills the plays; which, as I found, mostly turn on an arbitrary idem sonans peculiar to the Warwick pronunciation. I may remark however, that the most uncompromising proof of the Warwickshire source of at least much of the plays, lies in two items so gross, lewd and vulgar, that I did not dare to draw attention to them. These will be found without comment in their places in the Glossary, however.

The late Dion Boucicault admitted to me that he was a Shakespeare authorship doubter (I have elsewhere related how curiously a copy of my "Myth" came into his hands and how he sent me word by his daughter, Miss Nina Boucicault, that there was something in it) though he intimated that he was not desiring to confess it before men. But I see that Mr. Winter in his "Other Days" confesses it. So he was at least one exception to Sir Henry Irving's dictum that no actor ever doubted the Shakespeare Stratford authorship. Sir Henry became a member of the New York Shakespeare Society at the time of its efforts to preserve the Poe Cottage—and remained always as interested in its work and a liberal contributor thereto. I never could understand how he arrived at his conviction that the Baconian or Other Authorship theory arose from a popular disapproval of the profession of actorship. For in my day, at least, there never was such a popular disapproval that I heard of, nor can I imagine that any opinion worth the importance of mention could arise in a quarter where such disapproval existed.

Of Walter Seth Logan no one who knew him can say too much. As a lawyer he fought to brilliant success cases which every almost other lawyer abandoned as hopeless: and he often said to me that only out of the

cases that other lawyers had abandoned had he made his fortune. I quote what he said of me at the Daly Dinner April 22, 1906, not only because I am proud of it but principally because the gentleman to whom he compared me was afterwards a president of the United States "I know of no man who has been subjected of so much criticism, except Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, as Dr. Appleton Morgan. He has been accused of doing everything that a man could do and of many impossible things that no man could do. But to those who know him he is a loving and devoting friend far above his critics. He is a perfect Shakespearean scholar and one of the best fellows in the world."

Mr. Logan loved high living and hospitality, and was never so happy as when giving costly and splendid banquets to tables full of friends, and I doubt if any one ever gave so many splendid dinners at his clubs and hotels.

He loved all women and all women loved him. He belonged to no club of which a l'outrance he did not become the leading member. He was an eloquent speaker and his diction was pure and elegant. He died as he had lived, in harness. He was getting into an elevator with his arms full of papers in a case he was preparing to argue when an instant heart-failure felled him to the floor. When he was lifted he was dead. It seems to me an ideal passing!

Lord Houghton expressed himself to me very unmistakably as believing for himself that there was more in the Shakespeare plays than could be accounted for by assuming William Shakespeare as their sole author. He agreed with me in guessing that Shakespeare was much such a genius as Mr. Boucicault was three hundred years later. Of many eminent and scholarly men now living I know that the same might be said. But such is the reluctance of most people to be know as doubters on Shakespearean authorship matters! Nobody that I know of is, in proper circles, ashamed of Patristic or Theological doubts, but this is different. If our clergymen were one-half as uncompromising in these patristic championship of scripture as Shakespeareans are in maintaining Shakespeare as infallible against all comers, there would be small vogue for the Higher Criticism (and by the way that is what the Baconians call Baconism—the "Higher Criticism of Shakespeare"! I refrain from mentioning names of the living. But of all the earnest friends, co-workers and co-guessers—living or dead—a goodly host, with whom I have communed I have not space here for even the small tribute of their names. And so in taking my leave of this memorial I may say again, I thank Shakespeare, and Bacon too, and their supposed differentiation for having introduced me to many friendships

with men I came to love! Indeed if I could live my life over again I should ask no better friends than those I have made in this Shakespeareana empressement of my life. As the New York Tribune said editorially (in commenting upon a dastardly attack upon me by a man I afterwards forgave because the attack grew out of his defence of an empressement of his own, from which perhaps he could no more escape than I could or can from mine) "Dr. Morgan has few enemies and many friends!" Perhaps I may add—friends in many Climes. Doubtless we who have enjoyed our lives to the full, and especially have drawn around us kindred spirits bound by that strongest of all bonds—a common speculative interest—and the one thing of which the human mind is incapable is to conceive of an existence of which its own idenity is not a part (and this incapability may be the origin of all our theories of Immortality) feel each for himself that his own particular circle of comradeship is unique—but it is I suppose not so.

"But think not that Existence closing your
Account, and mine, shall know the like no more!
The Eternal Saki from that bowl hath poured
Millions of bubbles like us—and shall pour!"

APPLETON MORGAN.

## TOPICAL ALLUSIONS IN THE SONNETS, AND THE IDENTITY OF THE PERSON TO WHOM THE SONNETS WERE ADDRESSED.

### Sonnet 125.

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honoring,

The expression "bore the canopy" has been interpreted as being a metaphorical or figurative phrase, signifying "rendered outward homage"; but no authority exists for so construing it; the New English Dictionary gives no such definition; and the explanation is simply a lame effort to remove obscurity. The only writer, to my knowledge, who has attributed a subjective meaning to these lines, worthy of consideration, is the late Rev. Walter Begley. In his "Is it Shakespeare," p. 231, he states: "I suggest that the date was June 16, 1600, when the Queen came to Blackfriars to grace by her presence the wedding of Mistress Anne Russell, one of her maids of honor, . . . the Queen was carried from the water side in a *lectica*, borne by six knights." Mr. Begley suggests that the expression is a definite reference to the wedding in question, and infers that the author of the Sonnet was one of the six bearers of the lectica or canopy in which Queen Elizabeth was carried. As to the fact of her Majesty having been present on this occasion we have the statement in Chamberlain's letter of June 24, 1600: "The Queen was present at the great marriage of Lady Russell's; she was carried from the water side in a curious chair, and lodged at Lord Cobhams." There is, however, a much more interesting and elaborate discussion of matters relating to this "great marriage," that evidently escaped Mr. Begley's notice. It appears that in commemoration of this occasion an oil painting was painted by a now unknown artist, which is still extant. In this are represented the Queen herself; four of the six knights who carried the canopy in which she is seated; a number of noblemen wearing the order of the Garter, who precede the Queen; and a group of ladies gay, who, with the bride and her mother, follow. Moreover, the identity of a number of the members of the nobility therein portrayed has been established. The discovery of the true event commemorated by the painting—the wedding in question—was made by George Scharf, F. S. A. Secretary to the National Portrait Gallery. In an article in "The Archæological Journal" (London.) Vol. 23, 1866, pp. 131 and 302, entitled "Queen Elizabeth's Procession in a

Litter to celebrate the marriage of Anne Russell, at Blackfriars, June 16, 1600," he presents a copy of the painting. Underneath this we read "From the painting of Sherborne, Dorset." Mr. Scharf tells us that "this picture is No. 256 of the present (1866) Exhibition of National Portraits at South Kensington," and adds that Lord Digby permitted the picture to be removed from Sherborne Castle in Dorsetshire for a few months to Manchester in 1857 for exhibition there. He states, also that "a repetition" of the painting is said to be (in 1866) at Lord Ilchester's. In Nichol's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth I. 282, a full page reproduction of the painting is given. This is erroneously—though only tentatively—stated to represent an event that took place several decades earlier. Mr. Scharf pronounces Nichol's reproduction to be worthless. "Mr. Furnivall, in his edition of 'Stubb's Anatomy of Abuses' in the Proceedings of the New Shakespeare Society, 1879, has, as a frontispiece, a much larger, and apparently better, engraving of the painting. He states that 'the original picture is Lord Ilchester's,' and refers to that of Digby's as being a replica only."

Among the noblemen attending the Queen Mr. Scharf identifies Edward, fourth earl of Worcester, father of the groom; Charles earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral; his brother-in-law George Carey, the Lord Chamberlain (paton of the company for which the Shakespeare plays were written;) Henry Brooke, sixth lord Cobham, son-in-law of Nottingham; and George Clifford, earl of Cumberland.

Of those who bore the canopy Mr. Scharf's identification is less certain. Of the six knights spoken of only four appear in the oil painting; the two others being on the far side of the canopy and therefore hidden by the figure of the Queen and by the other figures nearer the observer. One of the four is the groom, Lord Herbert son of the earl of Worcester. Mr. Scharf thinks that the second is Roger Manners, earl of Rutland, who led the bride from the church, and the third, Lord Herbert of Cardiffe, son of the earl of Pembroke. The fourth bearer of the canopy has caused Mr. Scharf much speculation. The figure in question is immediately between the groom and his father, the earl of Worcester. Mr. Scharf speaks of it as "the gaily, dressed slim figure," and mentions the "richness and peculiar ornamentation of the dress" the "extreme elegance and richness of the figure in question" referring, of course, to the original oil painting. From what he says one is reminded of the line in the Sonnet, "with my extern the outward honoring." Mr. Scharf also remarks, very pertinently, that being so distinctly within a family group, the person so represented was probably connected with the family by near ties of relationship. Mr. Begley (l. c.)

suggests that Francis Bacon may have been one of the bearers of the canopy; for, although not a knight, he was first cousin to the bride, and therefore might be expected to have been present. It is somewhat surprising that no mention has been made of the probable presence of Sir Edward Hoby, who was not only a knight, but was half brother to the bride. In the article in the Dictionary of National Biography on Hoby the present location of the portraits of him is given. A critical study of the oil painting, it is evident, might yield results of much interest. Mr. Scharf gives several contemporary accounts of this wedding. Of these I give the letter of Rowland Whyte under date of June 23, 1600:" This day se'night her Majestie was at Blackfriars to grace the marriage of Lord Harbert and his wife. The bride met the Queen at the water-side, where my Lord Cobham had provided a lectica, made like a litter, whereon she was carried to my Lady Russell's by six knights. Her Majesty dined there, and at night went through Dr. Puddin's house (who gave the Queen a fanne) to my Lord Cobham's, where she supped. After supper the masks came in." Here follows a description of the masque, in which Mistress Mary Fitton took a prominent part . . . "The bride was led to the church by the Lord Harbert of Cardife and my Lord Cobham; and from the church by the Earles of Rutland and Cumberland. The gifts given that day were valewed at £1000 in plate and jewels at least. The entertainment was great and plentifull, and my Lady Russell much commended for it."

Returning to the consideration of the 125th Sonnet: I believe the Shakespeare Sonnets to have been written between the years 1598 and 1602 inclusive; and at the end of this article I give my reasons for so thinking. The date of the wedding just described, June 16, 1600, falls in the middle of splendor is amply proved; and when I offer for consideration the proposithis period. That it was a notable event in court circles and one of great tion that the author of the Sonnet stated that he was one of those who bore the canopy of the Queen, and that he honored the occasion by his outward appearance, I, on the one hand, present this historical event as one to which the Sonnet may well have referred, and which I believe to be entirely consonant with the date of composition; and on the other hand give to the word "extern" the same definition that is given by the New English Dictionary, wherein is quoted this identical line from the Sonnet as the authority for the definition. Furthermore the presence at the wedding of Mary Fitton and the young Lord Herbert—afterwards Earl of Pembroke—is noteworthy. I do not imagine that anyone supposes that William Shakespeare of Stratford could have been present at this wedding in high life. I may

add that this is not the only instance in which in my opinion, the attributing to Shakespeare the authorship of the Plays and Sonnets has acted as a hindrance to the study of their literature.

### Sonnets 153 and 154.

These concluding sonnets of the entire group are adapted from a Greek poem, and are disposed of by the commentators in short order. They describe them as being early essays, harmless trifles, or obviously nothing more than poetical exercises on a Renaissance convention. As a matter of fact, they probably represent, in alternative forms, a compliment paid by the poet to Queen Elizabeth, who, an excellent linguist herself, would undoubtedly have appreciated this graceful tribute, so artistically ingrafted upon the Greek epigram. Steevens was the first to suggest that the word "bath" in the eleventh line of each Sonnet was an allusion to the city of Bath, England. Mr. George Greenwood, in his "Shakespeare Problem Restated," (p. 127, seq.) infers that Elizabeth and the city of Bath are referred to, and concludes that she and "Shakespeare" were there, and that the date in question was the year 1592.

An analysis of the two Sonnets yields the following results.

(1) The city of Bath, one of the oldest in England, is situated in a wooded valley, and rises in terraces on the natural amphitheatre of hills surrounding it. Hence the term "valley fountain" in 153, 4. (2) The temperature of the several baths runs from 90 to 117 degrees Fahrenheit. Old Leland tells us that the water of one of the baths "rikith" (i. e. fumes or emits vapor,) "like a sething potte continually." Hence the description in 153. 7. "And grew a seething bath." (3) The curative value of these waters was well known. Lord North visited Bath for the benefit of his health in March and August 1600, as did Robert earl of Salisbury shortly before his death in 1612; and in Sonnet 153.8 we are told that the bath proves "Against strange maladies a sovereign cure." This statement is repeated in Sonnet 154. 11-12: "Growing a bath and healthful remedy for men diseased." (4) Queen Elizabeth is referred to in both Sonnets; in 153.2 as a "maid of Dian's," and in 154.5 as "the fairest votary." (See Mid. N. Dream. II. 1 163)—the customary allusion to her virginity following three lines below. (5) Either the poet himself, or some one for whom he wrote the two Sonnest, was at Bath, and (6) He was ill. These two facts are stated in 153. 11-12. "I, sick withal the help of bath desired, And thither hied a sad distempter's guest," and again in 154. 13: "But I, my mistress' thrall, came there for cure."

Mr. Greenwood's interpretation of the two Sonnets, therefore, appears to be correct. The "valley fountain," the "seething bath" which is "a healthful remedy for men diseased" are descriptions exactly agreeing with known facts. The presence of the Queen at Bath, as well as the presence there of some person unknown, who was ill, and who wrote, or for whom were written, the two Sonnets, are facts yet to be established. And, first, as to the year 1592. This date is wholly at variance with a number of other dates relating to the Sonnets, which I give below. If it can be shown that Elizabeth was at Bath, or had expected to go there, in 1592, and in that year only, such evidence would be an argument against the Pembroke-Fitton theory of the Sonnets; for, in 1592 Pembroke was a boy of twelve. And yet there can be no doubt that the Queen was there in 1592; for this fact is distinctly stated in Nichol's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth (III. 250.) The alternative, of course, is that she visited Bath on another occasion and at a later date. In seeking for this visit and this date we are guided by a topical allusion already discussed by me; and it will appear that we have, in this, an example of the aid which one allusion renders in the investigation of another. In NEW SHAKESPEAREANA October 1908, VII. p. 105, I gave my reasons for believing that in the 107th Sonnet the "sad augurs," the "incertainties (that) now crown themselves assur'd," and the peace that "proclaims olives of endless age," were allusions to events that occurred in the Winter and Spring of 1601-2. The two "Bath" Sonnets, (if I may so term them,) are the concluding Sonnets of the entire series. One would therefore expect them to allude to events that occurred later than those referred to in the 107th Sonnet—that is to say, later than the Spring of 1602. In other words, if the Queen visited Bath at a date other than, and later than 1592, we should look for that visit at some period after the Spring of 1602. The interim here, however, is short indeed: for Elizabeth died next year, in March, 1603. And yet, in the words of Hamlet, "the interim is mine." For John Chamberlain, in his letter of July 8, 1602, (Camden Soc'y) states that it was intended that the Queen in her Progress should go "to Bath and Bristow to visit the Lord Chamberlain that lies there for help" (i. e. who is staying at Bath and "came there for cure.") Here we have two cities mentioned—Bath and Bristow. But all uncertainty is removed by Chamberlain's letter of October 2, 1602 (l. c.) "The Lord Chamberlain is come home from the Bath, but neither much better nor worse than when he went out." The Lord Chamberlain here referred to was, of course, George Carey, Lord Hunsdon, the Lord Chamberlain and the patron of the Company for which

the Shakespeare plays were written. He had been lame and sick for sometime, and died in 1603. There is no evidence, to my knowledge, showing him to have been a poet or dramatic writer. It is possible that the author of the Sonnets wrote these two for him, and gave or sent them to him in anticipation of the arrival at Bath of the Queen, who was his first cousin once removed. Hunsdon was present at the Russell wedding, as we have seen; but he was not one of those who bore the canopy. It is interesting to find the patron of the Shakespeare troop thus appearing on two occasions probably referred to in the Shakespeare Sonnets.

It is almost certain, then, that the 153d and 154th Sonnets were written in the Summer of 1602. They were the last in order of arrangement as published by Thorpe, and very probably the last in order of composition. It should be mentioned that, as a matter of fact, the Queen did not go to Bath after all. There had been heavy rains during the month of August, and the delays caused thereby, the wretched condition of the roads, and the lateness of the season caused her to curtail her Progress. Moreover, there was "an infection of the small pockes spred over all the countrie" which alarmed her. See Thomas Edmond's letter of Sept. 1, 1602 in Lodge's Illustrations, II. 568; Chamberlain's letter of October 2, 1602; also several letters in the Historical Manuscript Commission (Salisbury) August 1602. The Queen was then approaching the seventieth year of her age.

The Identity of the person to whom the Sonnets were addressed is largely a matter of dates. Southampton was born in 1573, and Pembroke in 1580. If the Sonnets were written in 1598-1602 Southampton, at these dates, would have been 25-29 years old. To suppose that the poet addressed a man of these years as "my lovely boy" and stated that he resembled "cherubins" would, as Mr. Tyler has remarked, be quite impossible. Pembroke's age at this period was 18-22 years. One of the main arguments of the supporters of the Southampton theory (Massey, Sarrazin, Lee,) is based upon the resemblances between the thought and imagery of the Sonnets and the thought and imagery of the earlier works—from Venus and Adonis of 1593 to Love's Labor's Lost of 1598. Let us take 1595 as the average date of these early works. From 1595 until 1609 inclusive, when the Sonnets were published and most of the plays written, there was an interval of fifteen years. Then in a decreasing proportion would such thought and imagery appear in the successive works, arriving at a minimum in the latest plays. Taking the average date of composition of the Sonnets as 1600, it is evident that of the fifteen years mentioned, five only had elapsed In other words, the chances are ten out of fifteen—or two out of three—

that we should find in the Sonnets the very similitudes upon which so much stress has been laid.

Lack of space prevents me from more than referring to the pessimistic and gloomy view of life so frequently occurring in the Sonnets and so characteristic of Hamlet (1601) and later plays, but absent from the earlier comedies; to the resemblances between the Shakespeare Sonnets and those of Drayton of 1599, but not those of Drayton of 1594; to the known facts regarding Mary Fitton as the prototype of the Dark Lady, whereas no similar prototype has been suggested suitable to the Southampton view—and to other arguments showing Pembroke probably to have been the addressee. I append my results:

(1) Sonnet 107. "The sad augurs" etc. The Spring of 1602.

(2) Sonnet 125, the "canopy" Sonnet: after June 16, 1600.

(3) Sonnets 153 and 154. The Bath Sonnets: the summer of 1602.

These dates, of course, support the Pembroke theory. Although the first seventeen Sonnets were undoubtedly the earliest written, and the last two Sonnets probably the latest written, it is practically certain that the majority of them were not printed by Thorpe strictly in the order in which the poet composed them. It need, therefore, cause no surprise when we find the 107th Sonnet referring to events that occurred later than did the event referred to in the 125th Sonnet, as is the case above. No trustworthy topical allusion has been discovered referring to events prior to 1595, and thereby supporting the Southampton theory. The Pembroke view appears to stand the test of examination well.

Henry Pemberton, Jr.

# MARGINALIA

WHERE SHAKESPEAR MAY HAVE DISCOVERED THE STORY OF KING LEAR —in Guth Na Bliadhna—(Aberdeen, August 1907), Mr. Malcolm McFarlane prints the curious music and word of a Finglain ballad. (We are indebted to our contemporary—"Modern Language Notes," of January 1909, for a communication from Professor Edward Godfrey Coxe for a lucid and interesting commentary upon this Ballad.) The translation reads thus:

"Finn journed one day to the house of Liur in company with thirty-one men; the man of least account among us was chief of an army of three nines. The wife of Liur sat at the shoulder of Finn, Finn sat at the side of Liur; King Art sat at the side of Aodh, by the side of Aodh of mirthful mien. Conachar and Cormac sat together by the side of Aodh of the beautiful skin, and so on forth: every one that was there sat down to meat. Through the hall was wafted the music of harps and bardic songs chanted melodiously; the humped bow on every instrument was making mirth and music. Thus we wiled away the time, and pleasant indeed was our state; wanting neither honey nor wine, nor melody and the music of fiddles. In such wise were we till the day of the meeting, merry, joyous, and with sorrow banished; until there broked upon our view the host of Goll drawing near on the wave."

"Then it was that Finn spoke out: "I see a sight that is unpleasant to me: yonder I see the fleet of Goll sailing toward us to Driom-feann. And banners I see floating high on the pointed masts over Driom-bhagh; in that conflict of banners above our heads we have no part nor our hosts of spears." Cormac of victories advised us then; gave us advice that was truly hard: "Though wise in experience are you all, you three shall protect us from that man." Then it was that Liur spoke out: "Goll is under obligation to me; and if the man remembers it, he would account me well deserving of good will.

"Liur sailed out then to meet Goll, accompanied by three others on horse back; and pleasantly he saluted him,—"Great to-night is the glory of my tale. May fortune prosper you, the best of men under the sun; the best are you for favor and honesty, better far are you than me. "Do you remember the day of the speckled horse, on Fraochan above Tom-cliar? When I gave to you the gray horse would bear you speedily over the mountain?

Since you have done thus to me, O Liur, most hospitable of men under the sun, if you have a request to prefer, rise, and you will get it readily. There was a guest in my house last night, Fionn MacCumhail, strong as the crust of the earth, allow him to depart safely over the mountain, since he has eaten at my board. Return whence ye came, O brave host from Innis-freoin; and by the soul that lives in my body, the word of mouth will not be broken."

"We all proceeded to the house of Liur, and found therein both honey and wine; though to-day it is cold and desolate, it was once an abode of kings. I myself saw the house of Liur and plentiful within was honey and wine; and I myself saw afterwards Liur and his hospitable wife in want. And I myself saw afterwards wanting food both man and wife, making their way from house to house seeking what house would provide them meat.

One day while Fionn was hunting with his Fianna brave on Ben Liur, whom did he seek afar off but the high king named Liur. At once he sped to meet him, for the affection and love he bore him; he permitted no one else to accompany him that Liur might be spared all the shame. "Long life to you, O Liur, Bestowers of favors, obliging and kind; many gifts have you made to me, asking nothing in return. You gave to me while you sat at the wine thirty-one cows with their calves; a young fool calf following each cow, on the heather above Driom-caol. You gave to me one hundred and eighty horses to bear me safely away from danger; and thirty-one ships for my equipment, to carry me home over the sea. Freely you bestowed those things on me, without refusal, without stint; nor did you bespeak a price for land and visit, speech and praise." "I am indeed no longer Liur," said the man renowned for clemency; "Preferable far to me is death that to be found in his likeness." "Truly you are no other than Liur," replied the man with the beautiful skin; "Accordingly you will receive repayment in full, gift for gift. I'll give to you cow for cow, I'll give to you horse for horse, I'll give to you ship for ship, to bear you safely over the waves. Every chief on the face of the earth I'll force to restore your land to you; I'll make you full wealthy again, and send you safely to your house."

"My king fulfilled everything he promised. Six days they spent then in sports together; in fair garments he clothed them both, the wife and hero of greatest fame. A hundred horses were sent to defend him and to guide him to his land; Pleasant and mirthful was the time the Fians spent in company with the hero. These were the exchanges the two kings made, thus they repaid their obligations to each other; lovely were they, amiable and generous, full of mercy and courtesy. A thousand blessings to you every

season, O Oisin, hospitable and sweet of voice; for the tales so pleasant you have related to me during my life."

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The Death of Algernon Charles Swinburne Removes from England not only her most musical poet but a sound and critical Shakespearean Scholar. Mr. Swinburne became quite unwittingly the cause of the burial sans resurrection of the London "New Shakespere [sic] Society," through the fun he made of that learned body in his "Studies In Shakespeare" which he innocently deicated to Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, and so kindled the awful antics of Furnivall and his pamphlet "Pigsbrook and Co." which brought on the Debacle! We hope to tell the story at length in these pages later on. Mr. Swinburne was an Honorary Member of The New York Shakespeare Society since 1895.

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Mr. William H. Edwards, Author of the Famous "Shaxper Not Shakespeare," died recently at his residence in Coalburgh, West Virginia, where he had large coal mining interests, at the ripe age of ninety years. Mr. Edwards was a gentleman of wealth and leisure who, like many another such, amused himself with elegant studies. Besides his book upon the Authorship problem, he wrote a studious work upon Birds. Indeed, it was as a Naturalist rather than as a Baconian, that he was best known and eulogized after his death.

# Books Received

343. Behind the Scenes with the Mediums. By David P. Abbott. Second Edition. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 336. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

323. The Supernatural in Shakespeare. By Helen Hinton Stewart. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 138. London: John Onsley.

331. Shakespeare's Proverbs. The Wise Saws of our Wisest Poet collected into a Modern Instance by Mary Cowden Clark. Edited with Introduction and Notes by William J. Rolfe. Cloth, 12mo., portrait, pp. 320. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

336. Breath of the World. By Starr Hoyt Nichols. Author of Monta Rosa, the Epic of an Alp. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 272. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

338. The Life of Henry Irving. By Austin Brereton. With twenty-two collotype plates and twenty-one other illustrations. Two volumes. Royal, 8vo., pp. 382-364. London, New York, Bombay and Calcutta: Longmans, Green & Co.

339. Hamlet auf der Deutschen Bühne bis zur Gegenwart, von Alexander von Weilen. 1 paper, pp. 200. Berlin: Druck und Verlag von George Reimer.

340. The American Stage of to-day. By Walter Pritchard Eaton, cloth, 12mo., pp. 338. Boston: Small Maynard & Co.

346. In Re Shakespeare-Beeching v Greenwood. Rejoinder on behalf of the Defendant. A Reply by Mr. George Greenwood M. P. 12 mo. cloth, pp. 152. London: John Lane.

347. Shakespeare and His Critics. By Charles F. Johnson, Litt. D. Professor Emeritus of English Literature at Trinity College Hartford. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 384. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

348. The Shake-speare Drama of The Tempest. Verulam Edition—The Restoration of Man's Empire over Nature. Edited by Edwin Reed, A. M. Illustrations by F. K. Rogers. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 90. Boston: The Coburn Press.

349. A Motley Jest—Shakespearean Diversion. By Oscar Fay Adams. With a Postscript by William J. Rolfe, Litt. D. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 64. Boston: Sherman French and Co.

350. William Shakespeare. Player, Playmaker and Poet. A Reply to Mr. George Greenwood, M. P. By H. C. Beeching, D. Litt. Canon of Westminster; Preacher to the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. Cloth, 112mo., pp. 145. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

351. A Life of William Shakespeare. With portraits and Fac similes. By Sidney Lee. New and Revised Edition [1909]. 12mo., cloth, pp. vliii, 496. New York: The Macmillan Company.

352. A History of Literary Criticism in The Renaissance. By J. E. Spingarn, Adjunct Professor of Comparative Literature in Columbia University. Second Edition. Revised and Augmented. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 350. New York: The Macmillan Company.

353. The Temple Shakespeare Lexicon and Concordance. Cloth, sq. 16mo., pp. 273. New York: Macmillan Company. 45 cents.

354. Is Shakespeare Dead? and other sketches. By Mark Twain, LL.D., (Oxon). Cloth, pp. 124. New York: Harper & Brothers.

355. A New Light on the Renaissance. Displayed in Contemporary Emblems. By Harold Bayley. 8vo. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.

336. Mr. Starr H. Nichols is one of those fine souls that dwell apart, and that find the world an interesting place to live in. He has employed his leisure in building a group of sonnets upon current, or currently interesting to himself topics. He calls his book of the Sonnet, "Breath of The World." His Sonnets to Shakespeare and to Lord Chancellor Bacon show at once his skill and his convictions, which are, however, somewhat non-committal—to wit. Either Bacon and Shakespeare were one and the same man, or else there were two Shakespeares?

331. This seems hardly to be worth while. It is simply a different arrangement of snatches from Shakespeare! We admire Dr. Rolfe's loyalty to Mrs. Mary Cowden Clark. But even his Introduction seems hardly worth while either. The Messrs. Putnam have made a pretty little gift-book out of it, and very young ladies and curates might use the book nicely to "tell fortunes" with.

338. Mr. Brereton has expanded his brief Life of Sir Henry Irving into two sumptuous volumes, enriched with splendid photogravеurs and portraits of Sir Henry in his many parts and the work now becomes the standard for all time.

343. We have always delighted to revel in the extensive view of Dr. Carus and his Open Court Publishing Company, which like the Gospel itself, finds nothing de hors its philosophy! Magic, Humbug: Mind-reading, Legerdemain, Spirits from the vasty deep or from out of the

trickster's cabinet: Table tipping—everything of that sort, as well as the secrets of the Mahatma or the lore hid in Egypt's Pyramids! To the list of curiosities of human humbugs is now added Mr. Abbotts's "Behind the Scenes with the Mediums," and very entertaining it all is! The moral seems to be that of the late and great Mr. Barnum—The public loves to be fooled."

348. The late Edwin Reed proposed an entire Edition of the Shakespeare Plays, to be annotated according to Baconian lights. The initial Play, The Tempest, has just reached us from the Coburn Press (Boston), The size is the familiar Handy volume. There are several original pictures of scenes in the story and the annotations are introduced in italics into the text itself at the annotated point. The Biography prefixed is the biography of Bacon and the theory of the Editorial system pursued is, that the first folio was edited by Bacon, and, accordingly, that what we call errors were intended lections. The experiment will be watched with interest.

But, if these books are to be printed in memory of so accurate a scholar as was Edwin Reed, some competent proof reader should have the supervision of them. If there is a page in these ninety that has not its typographical error we have failed to catch it. And most of them are inexcusable, since the "copy" was not in Mr. Reed's handwriting but in the printed text. At the very outset, in the Dramatis Personæ (page 1) Gonzalo is printed "Gonzola. On the next page, Alonzo is printed "Alonso." On the next page "phlegm" is printed "phyegm", (note) on the next page there are two errors. Five in the first four pages! And if Mr. Reed could see "Titian" for "Titan," "Prisian" for "Priscian," "Penthens" for "Pentheus" (twice in three lines on page 35) "admivare" for "admirare" and so on in his own notes, he would turn in his grave!

340. The most commendable thing in this book is its writer's admission that things written for a morning newspaper, however delightful they read that very morning, are not worth preserving in books! The person who has seen a play likes to see what some body else says about it if the notice is under his nose at breakfast. But he will hardly cross the street to find that notice, or if perchance he has not seen the play, the notice might even induce him to see, or resolve him not to see it the next evening. But to deliberately bind up in a volume the opinions formed in the superheated reporter's room of a newspaper office with skurrying "copy" boys and jarring presses next door, while the news of the last twenty-four hours is to be ticked and scratched on paper and linotyped and got into the news dealers before daylight, even if a Saint Beuve or a Bayard Taylor write them is absurdity itself! This is all that can be truthfully said about this book, which

is doubtless a matter of satisfaction to the writer's cousins, aunts and sisters; and, in a less degree, to the writer himself! That he has revised and enlarged and toned-down some of the rapid slang in which he expressed his views of the evening's performance and tried to file out the sleepy feeling and the yearning for a nightcap (probably beer) before tumbling into bed for a good day's sleep—is really all the worse! For it has tempted Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton into the fatal realm of prophesy. What could be, for instance, much sillier than this. "Unless the drama changes to meet our new attitude it will sink everywhere to the level of heedless amusement" (p. 377). And we can't exactly pass over our sympathy with a youngster who will attempt a chapter on the "chronicle of the stage" (of all human things the best done in libraries of books from Colley Cibber's "Apology" to Mr. Wilstach's "Mansfield")—when his own equipment began with seeing "Shore Acres"! Mr. Eaton has heard of Mrs. Mowatt-Richie's "Fashion" (1845) and he mentions it and then he flotates, with no mention at all over a matter of a quarter of a century, to Bronson Howard's "Saratoga" (1870). After which he names sundry of the plays he has happened himself to see! This may be a "History of the American stage" But we prefer to rely on our public libraries for awhile longer. As a record of plays mounted in New York City during the season of 1907-1908 the book may be of a certain service. But we wish Mr. Eaton had been old enough to remember Mr. Carleton's beautiful "Ye Earlie Trouble," as well as "Captain Barrington" which is mentionable only because that admirable actor William Bramwell successfully tripled in it the parts of Washington, Barrington, and the hero!

347. These lectures were no doubt edifying to the undergraduates at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. And we are sure they are faithful to their models and do not contradict whatever authority Prof. Johnson elects to follow! But the province of this table is to tell our readers what books they might helpfully place on their shelves and what books are pure surplusage. Prof. Johnson's book is absolute surplusage. There is not an heretofore unsaid word in it from imprint to Colophon! It will not hold a farthing candle to Lounsbury's very recent volumes occupying the same field and travelling in precisely the same paths; and it certainly is no better, perhaps it is no worse, that at least a score of other collections of lectures on "Shakespeare and His Critics."

To say anything or something new about Shakespeare would be like saying something theretofore unsaid about Adam's Fall or the perseverance of the Saints or the Fourth of July. But this consideration deters not Professor Johnson. It is the fashion among the American professors of liter-

ature just now to print their lectures on Shakespeare. Prof. Johnson calls his work by the equivalent title to that chosen by Mr. Francis Smith, "Shakespeare and His Critics." Mr. Smith (whom Professor Johnson cautiously avoids mentioning) calls his brochure "Shakespeare versus His Critics" But Professor Johnson's book is only Mr. Smith's brochure in three hundred and seventy-five pages 8vo. instead of one hundred pages 16mo., and wide margined at that!

And we are afraid, too, that a careful reading of Professor Johnson's book will fail to discover (to follow our anologue) anything new about Adam or the Perseverance of the Saints! save that the work itself is a fine example of precisely that kind of perseverance. However Prof. Johnson is as entitled to bind up his Class lectures on Shakespeare as any other Professor. And the Riverside Press have made, as it always does, a handsome volume out of them. They do not exactly, as Mr. Henry James would say, "hang together" these Prof. Johnson lectures. As Prof. Johnson himself would say, they don't "co-ordinate"! But there is everything here if one has patience from Furnivall's grand old Verse Tests to the inspired wisdom of "Poet Lore"! And surely equipment (or is it Charity?) could not further go! The wealth of Prof. Johnson's treatment of featureable points in the is instanced fairly by what he says about the Puns of the Plays: to which Ellis gave several chapters of his well-known work; and to which though disagreeing sometimes with Mr. Ellis. Dr. Morgan devotes a whole volume in searching for the fibre of the Elizabethian pronunciations! Or (if Mr. Johnson preferred to take his text from Germany), Professor Vietor, of whom Prof. Johnson has never heard, has much to say of them. Listen to this about the Puns (page 376) "The poor quality of Shakespeare's Puns excited Dr. Johnson's wrath, and urges the contempt of the modern reader. We must remember, however, that the play on words had just been invented, and Puns passed current which now have been permanently retired from circulation as containing too large a percentage of cheap metal. Had Shakespeare lived in the golden age of the Pun, it is likely that he would not have rivaled Thomas Hood. But his Puns would have been as neat as those of Sheridan and Theodore Hook." "We must remember"! In what college class room in an English speaking land is not that expression at hand. As to whether this paragraph is not literary criticism of the most dazzling sort our readers must judge.

That Prof. Johnson is given to over much commendation of his contemporary college professors books (perhaps with an eye to return compliments—might be a candid criticism. Nor is it quite apparent by what rule

he guides himself in narrating episodes in the history of Shakespeare logistics. He tells a lot of them, but omits a lot more, equally cogent. He tells us that Dr. Ingleby's "Century of Prayse" was published by "The New Shakespearean Society"—what he meant was "The New Shakspere [sic] Society.

349. The name of Mr. Oscar Fay Adams is familiar as the name of that American gentleman whose name was joined with the name of the late Frank A. Marchall on the title page of the noble Henry Irving Edition of the Plays in order to obtain an American copyright for that work. That Mr. Adams added a note or comment or explanation or reference to that Edition we have never been able to ascertain. Mr. Adams, now, however, making up lost time harks forward and offers, as his profert to Shakespeareana "A Motley Jest," (No allusion to his Editorship of the Henry Irving!) This "jest" is (or are) two dialogues written, we are told, to amuse "The Old Shakespeare Society of Cambridge Massachusetts," and that it (or they) did succeed in amusing that Society, we make no doubt. A Preface (or Postscript rather since it comes at the end of the tale) from the pen of a great Shakespearean Scholar—the learned Dr. Rolfe, states that "Mr. Adams' work is not "as certain captious critics have regarded it, a foolhardy attempt to rival Shakespeare." We hope we are neither "certain captious critics" nor "foolhardy." But really had it not been for Dr. Rolfe's kindly warning, we should have supposed that Mr. Oscar Fay Adams's "Motley Jest" was not only an attempt, but a successful attempt, "to rival Shakespeare"!

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ALLEGED CONTEMPORARY STATUETTE OF SHAKESPEARE IN MULBERRY WOOD.
(See page 98.)